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ANSWER

To the Character of an

Exchange-wench:

OR A

VINDICATION

OF AN

Exchange-woman.

LONDON,

Printed for Thomas Cressell. 1775.

A N
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To the Character of an

Exchange-Wench:

O R A

VINDICATION

OF AN

Exchange-Woman.

LONDON

Printed for Thomas Crossland.

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and has a *Noli me tangere* for her Motto: She needs no other Purgatory, having gone through the strict Discipline of a severe Mistress, where she becomes so accustomed to Virtue that it grows as natural to her as the Sun and Moon; Her Mother, who, as the saying is, is both Man and Woman, in preserving both her Honour and Family, always keeps her with a close Tilt, being really worth one hundred times as much as her Fortune; She's an En-tail for Life, and whoever has her may reckon he has purchas'd above a hundred a Year.

M.A.

For her Original she is generally the Honourable offspring of some Country Gentleman, who being curst with a multitude of Blessings (I mean Children) and by ambition made slave to his eldest Son, is forced to piece out his Daughters fortune with a profitable employ, which is often the Stirrop to sublimer Fortune.

Her Education is as Gentile as her Birth, and she knows not but she's a Fortune till she goes to receive it. She is respected according to the noise of her Fathers Estate, which is generally two hundred a Year, and keeps as fine in her Childhood as if she were to enjoy it her self.

Her Vertuous Education breeds in her so sweet an Innocence that she dreads to look in a Mans face for fear of discovering his desires at his Eyes, and if he says but *False*, she presently corrects him for Swearing. She has such a propensity to goodness that she acts it unawares, and often surprises both her self and others with her own Vertue. She is as ignorant of Vice, as of *Terra Incognita* and though she de-

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 deneged to be wicked the world not how how to affect dit
 She often wonders at the production of Martial Lines
 to eleven or twelve years of Age before she's conceived that
 she did not spring out of the Parly-Bed

Thus having the advantages of a Gentle Birth, good Education, and vertuous Inclination, she is design'd by her Parents, whose affections are larger then their Bags (their Quality obliging them to live up to the height of their Estate) to be put under the discreet tuition of some honest and able Exchange-Woman, thereby to obtain an honest and honourable employment, to secure her from those Storms of Fate which are commonly severe on little Fortunes.

That the Employment is as honourable as any other In-Land Trade cannot be denyed, they enjoying the same Priviledges, dealing in as Rich Commodities, and having attain'd as great Estates, as any other Vocation whatsoever. Which hath induc'd many noble families distressed by War, or Accidents, to bring up their Daughters to this Calling where in some have prov'd so fortunate as to give a happy Reluctation to their whole family. And at this day Heaven is so kind to their commendable endeavours, as to recompence their good designs with unexpected success, of which, should I give a Catalogue of those young Ladies, whose unparallel'd Vertue, and good deportment have tempted Men of extraordinary Estates to desire them in Marriage, I should write rather a Volume then a sheet. But my design in Writing being only to rescue that honourable Society from the invectives of that Satyrical Character, I shall forbear particulars, and only acquaint you, That the Exchange it self is no less than an Academy, and the Youth therein, the diligent Students.

Student of Vertue and goodmanners, 'tis true, there is some Subquakers, and other Mistresses of Arts, who like kind and careful Tutoresse take such pains with their Pupils, that they never leave instructing them till they have made them as knowing as themselves. If any prove vicious or Irrefractory they are presently expell'd.

So that an Exchange Maid is a kind *Verinosa*, one who has sell'd her Gentility, with the Martyrdom of an Apprenticeship; she's as happy in her Shop as a Miss in a Playhouse: and better pleas'd with the moderate gains of an honest Trade, than the other is with the Extravagant Allowance of a Wild Gallant, she's so far from being a drudge to the world that she sits still and gets an Estate.

The whole Town's her Labourer, and he that goes finest her greatest slave, who as if his Money were a bad Commodity too lightly exchanges it for Lace or Ribbons, as Bubbles do to Gamesters; he brings her Cash whether she will or no; He's her meer subject, and like the *French King* she imposes a Tax upon every thing he wears. How then can she be unhappy when even our fancies and Extravagancies contribute to her welfare.

She's a Creature ready cut and dry'd for all preferment, and no less than a coach and six, can tempt her from her employment, an arrogant Fop that courts her to a smile, swears he has got her heart, and with himself contrives an assignation, when she only did it, either in compliance to his folly or her own advantage.

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A spruce Cit, bristles up to her like a Turkey-cock, and would fain be Trading, but as she has attractions to draw, so she has discretion to flight his Amours, her factious discourse, makes him think her easie to come at, when, indeed, she does it as Welshmen on Hills, who though they stand near together, are really likely never to meet.

In short, her smiles are innocent, as sleeping Infants, and she preserves her self an unblemish'd Sacrifice for a happy Husband; She has all the accomplishments of a Gentle Woman, but if she be defective in any thing 'tis Vice, being un-acquainted with the Gallants: She's a Stranger to deceit, and hating the rattling of a Coach, remains untainted with the Pleasures and Debauches of the Town.

In her Shop she patiently attends both her business and Fate, and when she marries needs no advice from a Mid-Wife to cheat her Husband into the belief of a Maiden-head: In fine she is happy as she is, but if she alter her condition, experience shews us, she may become a Dutchess.

To the Exchange Maids.

THUS I like you have wasted three hours time,
To hide your wrinkles and to make you fine;
Your sickly Credits I so well restore;
I make you more renowned than before:
The Character you know was something Witty,
And Faith to speak the Truth, I think it hit you,

The

The Apologue shows your tricks, and spoked the more, A
 Because he had been biety you before. *gribs T*
 His Passion that's for (Ladies) don't admire, and set of
the child's heart; who always does the first
Humour with a gentle - ed But if you still be bad, *ed*
 Who took this pain for a woman, poor *the more*
 The Theme was barren, and did plague me more,
 Then any Subject e're I writ before:

'Twas full an hour e're my Muse could raise *ed*
 A true expression to set out your Praise; *ed*
 Which thine my brooding thoughts did e're imprint; *ed*
 Was more my fancy than your due desert: *ed*
 Like him who courts a homely Mistress, *ed*
 Was forc'd to give my Conscience the Lye. *ed*
 And (Heavens forgive me) I know ne're a Line, *ed*
 In all the Sheet, but what I think's a sin.
 And since you're Sinner, too, I only wish
 That we may be in better sheets than this.

FINIS.

And Faith to speak the Truth, I think it but you
 The Character you knew was something Witty
 I make you more renowned than before:
 Your belov'd Creatrix I do well restore
 To bid you wonder and to make you find
 How I like you have waded through the mind

